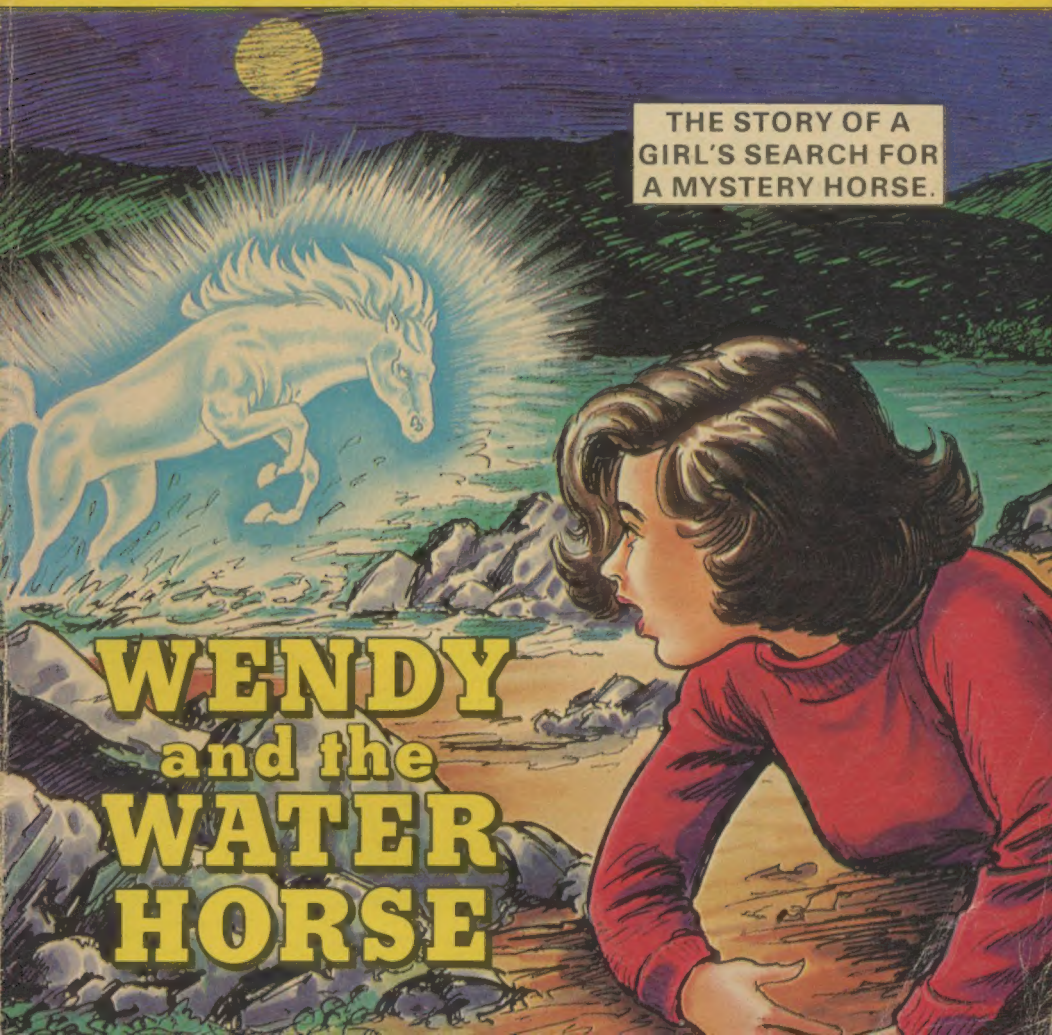
16p
No 228

BUNTY

PICTURE STORY LIBRARY FOR GIRLS



A SPINE-TINGLING STORY

A lonely theatre late at night—and Betty Blake comes face-to-face with the ghost of the Black Prior! This story will have you on the edge of your seat, right up to the nail-biting end! Don't miss . . .

FEAR BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

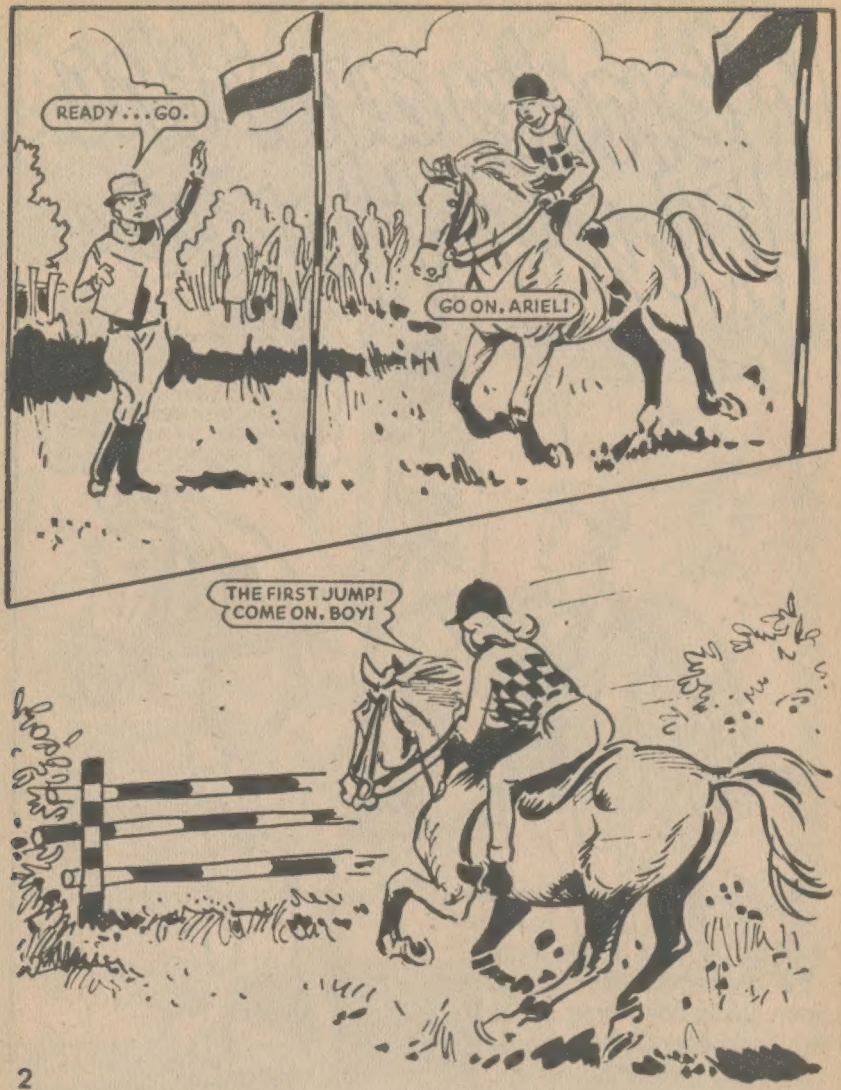
JUDY LIBRARY No. 228

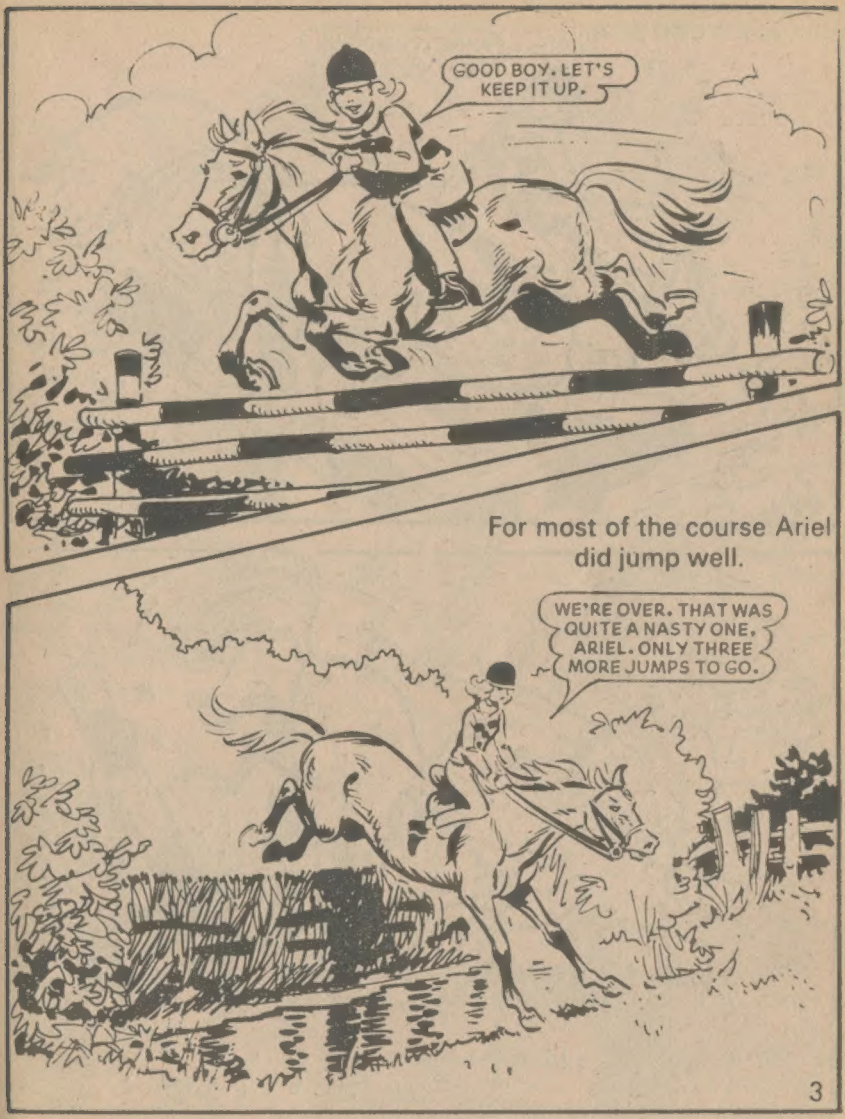
IT'S IN THE SHOPS RIGHT NOW!

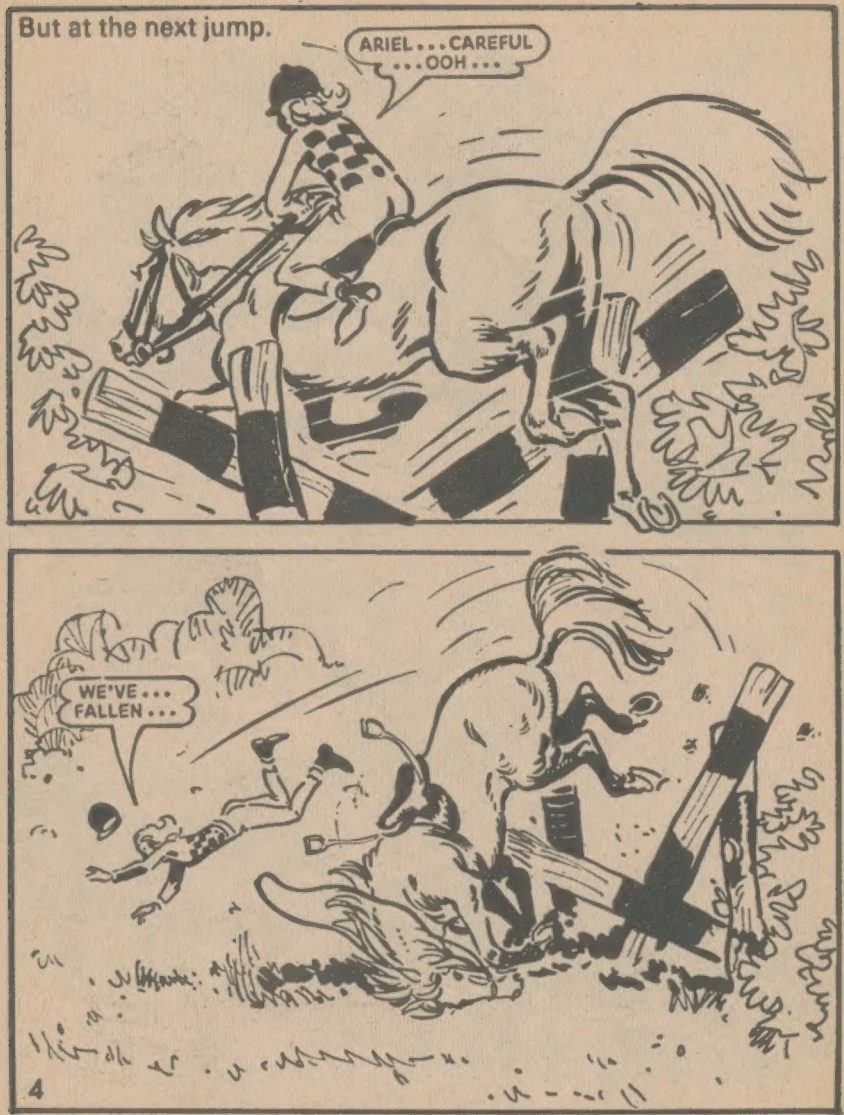
Wendy and the Water Horse

GOOD LUCK, WENDY, AND COME BACK SAFELY.
WE WILL, DAD.
SINCE MUMMY WAS KILLED IN A RIDING ACCIDENT, DAD HAS WORRIED ABOUT ME. BUT HE'S NEVER ASKED ME TO GIVE UP RIDING. HE KNOWS HOW MUCH I LOVE IT.

WENDY CARR was a top young cross-country rider. With her horse, Ariel, she had been chosen to ride in the junior championships.


READY...GO.
GO ON, ARIEL!
THE FIRST JUMP! COME ON, BOY!


GOOD BOY. LET'S KEEP IT UP.
For most of the course Ariel did jump well.
WE'RE OVER. THAT WAS QUITE A NASTY ONE, ARIEL. ONLY THREE MORE JUMPS TO GO.


But at the next jump.
ARIEL . . . CAREFUL . . . OOH . . .
WE'VE . . . FALLEN . . .

WENDY. OH. NO...
SHE... SHE'S MY DAUGHTER. IS SHE BADLY HURT?
CAN'T TELL FOR SURE, SIR. SEEMS TO BE HER LEG, AND SHE'S HAD A BANG ON THE HEAD. BETTER COME ALONG WITH US TO THE HOSPITAL.
Mr Carr did so, and after a long wait—
MR CARR?
YES. WENDY... HOW IS SHE?

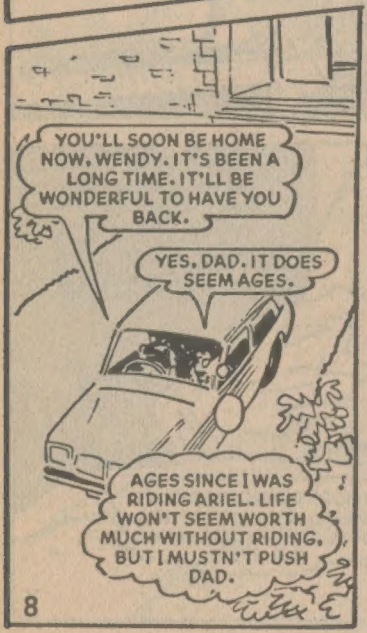
YOUR DAUGHTER IS NOT IN DANGER, MR CARR, BUT SHE HAS A BROKEN HIP. IT MAY BE SOME TIME BEFORE SHE CAN WALK AGAIN.
In the ward.
DAD. HOW... HOW'S ARIEL?
FINE. I... I SENT HIM HOME WITH YOUR TRAINER, FOR NOW.
WITH MAJOR DALTON? BUT... BUT WHY? HE COULD HAVE BEEN TURNED OUT IN THE FIELD AT HOME.
I... THOUGHT HE'D BE BETTER THERE, WENDY. I DON'T THINK I COULD BEAR TO LOOK AT HIM, NOT AFTER WHAT HE DID TODAY.

I'M AFRAID TIME IS UP, MR CARR. WENDY MUST TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP NOW.
NO, WENDY. NOT RIDING, NOT ANY MORE. I . . . I LOST YOUR MOTHER BECAUSE OF A RIDING ACCIDENT. NOT . . . NOT YOU AS WELL.
BUT IT WASN'T HIS FAULT. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT. I'LL SOON BE RIDING AGAIN.

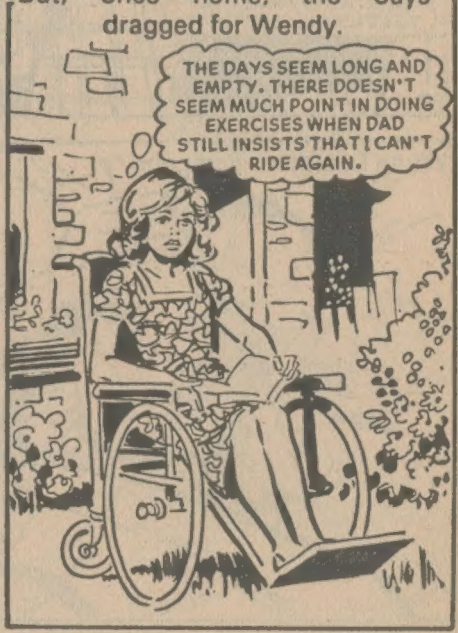
When her father had gone.
NO MORE RIDING. DAD CAN'T MEAN IT. I MUST TRY TO PERSUADE HIM TO CHANGE HIS MIND.

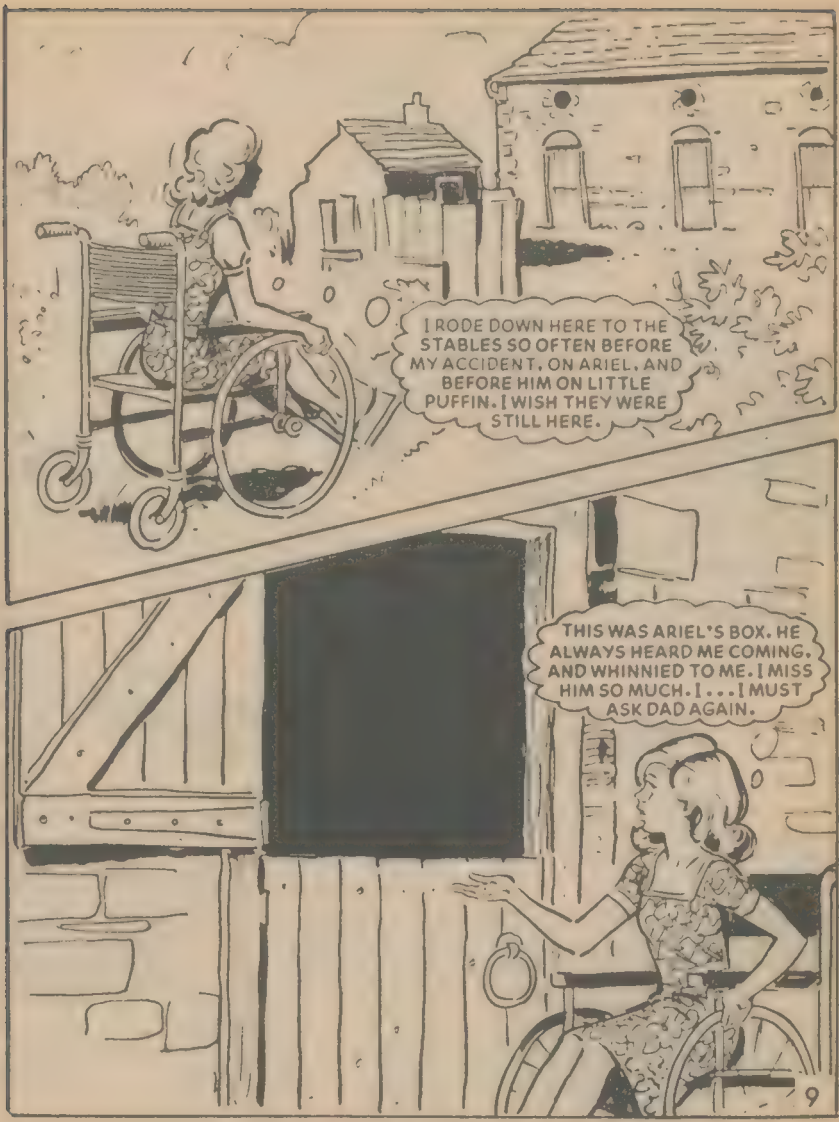
But Mr Carr remained firm, and eventually the day came when Wendy was allowed to leave hospital.

GOODBYE, WENDY, AND GOOD LUCK.
KEEP UP YOUR WALKING PRACTICE, WON'T YOU, WENDY? YOU'LL BE RUNNING AROUND IN NO TIME.
I'LL TRY. GOODBYE, AND THANK YOU.


YOU'LL SOON BE HOME NOW, WENDY. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME. IT'LL BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU BACK.
YES, DAD. IT DOES SEEM AGES.
AGES SINCE I WAS RIDING ARIEL. LIFE WON'T SEEM WORTH MUCH WITHOUT RIDING, BUT I MUSTN'T PUSH DAD.

But, once home, the days dragged for Wendy.


THE DAYS SEEM LONG AND EMPTY. THERE DOESN'T SEEM MUCH POINT IN DOING EXERCISES WHEN DAD STILL INSISTS THAT I CAN'T RIDE AGAIN.


I RODE DOWN HERE TO THE STABLES SO OFTEN BEFORE MY ACCIDENT, ON ARIEL, AND BEFORE HIM ON LITTLE PUFFIN. I WISH THEY WERE STILL HERE.
THIS WAS ARIEL'S BOX. HE ALWAYS HEARD ME COMING. AND WHINNIED TO ME. I MISS HIM SO MUCH. I . . . I MUST ASK DAD AGAIN.

That evening, as Mrs Fleming, the house-keeper, cleared away after the evening meal.
CAN'T YOU DO NO BETTER THAN THAT, LOVE? EAT NO MORE THAN A BIRD THESE DAYS, YOU DON'T.
I DON'T SEEM TO GET VERY HUNGRY NOW, MRS FLEMING.
YOU MUST TRY TO EAT BETTER, WENDY. YOU NEED YOUR STRENGTH TO HELP YOU TO WALK PROPERLY AGAIN.
I...I SUPPOSE SO, DAD, BUT...
I'LL ASK HIM ONCE MORE. SURELY HE MUST UNDERSTAND HOW I FEEL.

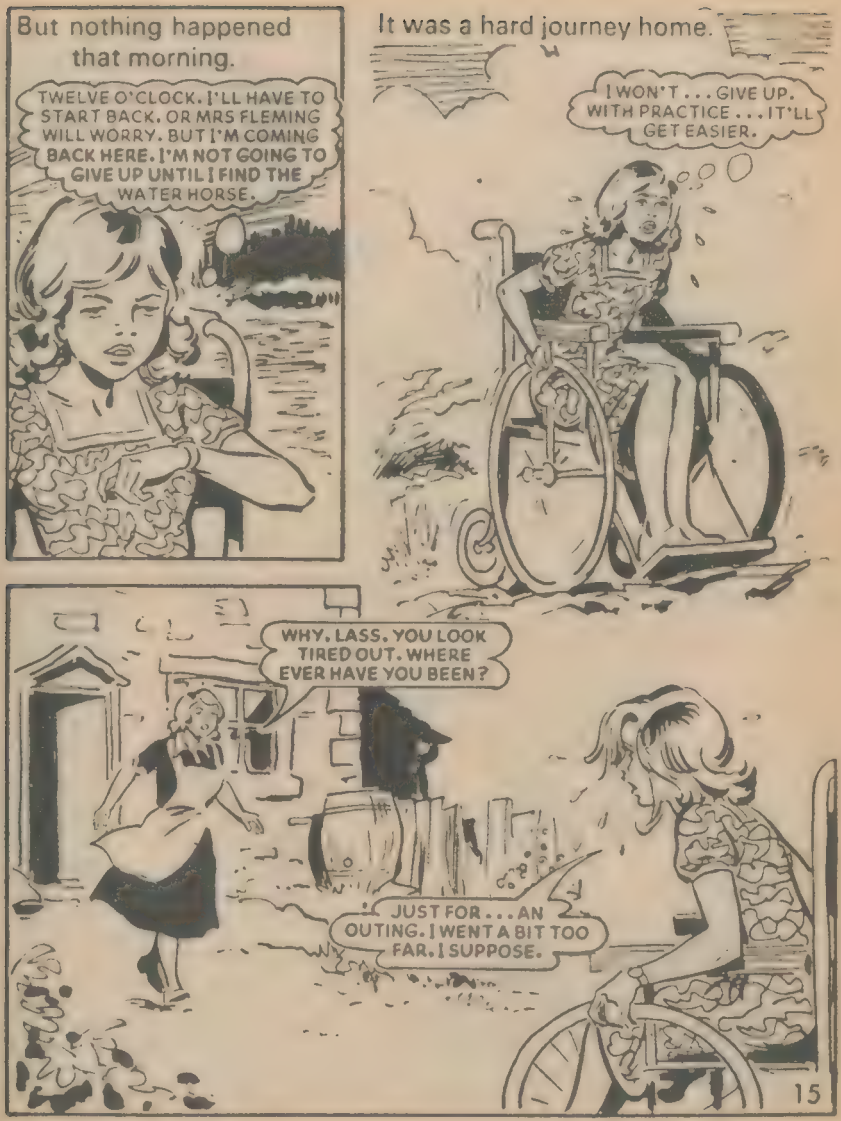
DAD, WITHOUT RIDING TO LOOK FORWARD TO NOTHING SEEMS WORTHWHILE. PLEASE, WON'T YOU THINK AGAIN? WON'T YOU LET ME RIDE AGAIN ONE DAY?
WENDY, I THOUGHT I MADE IT QUITE CLEAR. RIDING KILLED YOUR MOTHER, IT COULD HAVE KILLED YOU. I'LL NEVER LET YOU RIDE AGAIN.
NEVER, DAD? OH, PLEASE DON'T SAY THAT.
WELL . . . I'LL TELL YOU THIS. YOU SHAN'T RIDE AGAIN UNTIL THE WATER HORSE OF LOCH MORAY IS A QUIET LADY'S HACK. I . . . I'M SORRY.
ALL RIGHT, DAD. I . . . I AGREE. I WON'T RIDE AGAIN, UNTIL . . . UNTIL THE WATER HORSE IS A LADY'S HACK. I . . . I PROMISE.

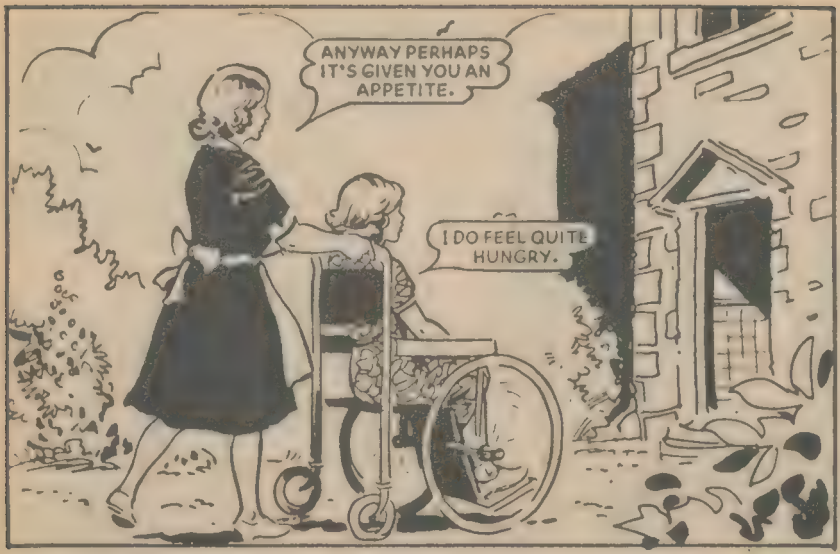
That night, Wendy had a dream.
THE WATER HORSE, THE HORSE OF LOCH MORAY, HE . . . HE'S COMING . . .

And then Wendy woke up
I SAW HIM. THE WATER HORSE. IT WAS A DREAM. BUT IT SEEMED SO REAL. PERHAPS IT ISN'T JUST A STORY AFTER ALL. SOMEHOW, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT. THE WATER HORSE IS MY ONLY CHANCE OF RIDING AGAIN.
Next day.
WELL. TIME I WAS OFF. HAVE A NICE DAY, WENDY. SEE YOU THIS EVENING.
YES. DAD. GOODBYE.
AT LEAST I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO TODAY—TRY TO GET TO THE LOCH!

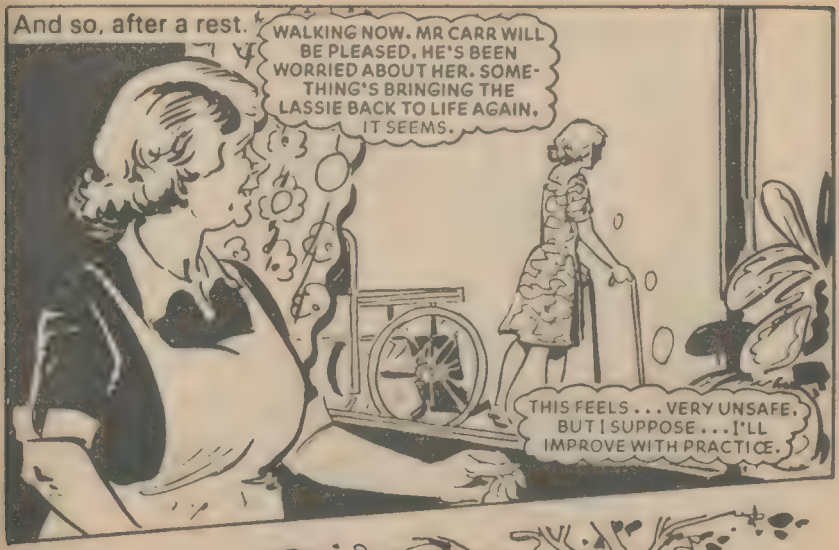
Loch Moray was only a mile away, but that was a great distance for Wendy.

Wendy reached the loch at last.

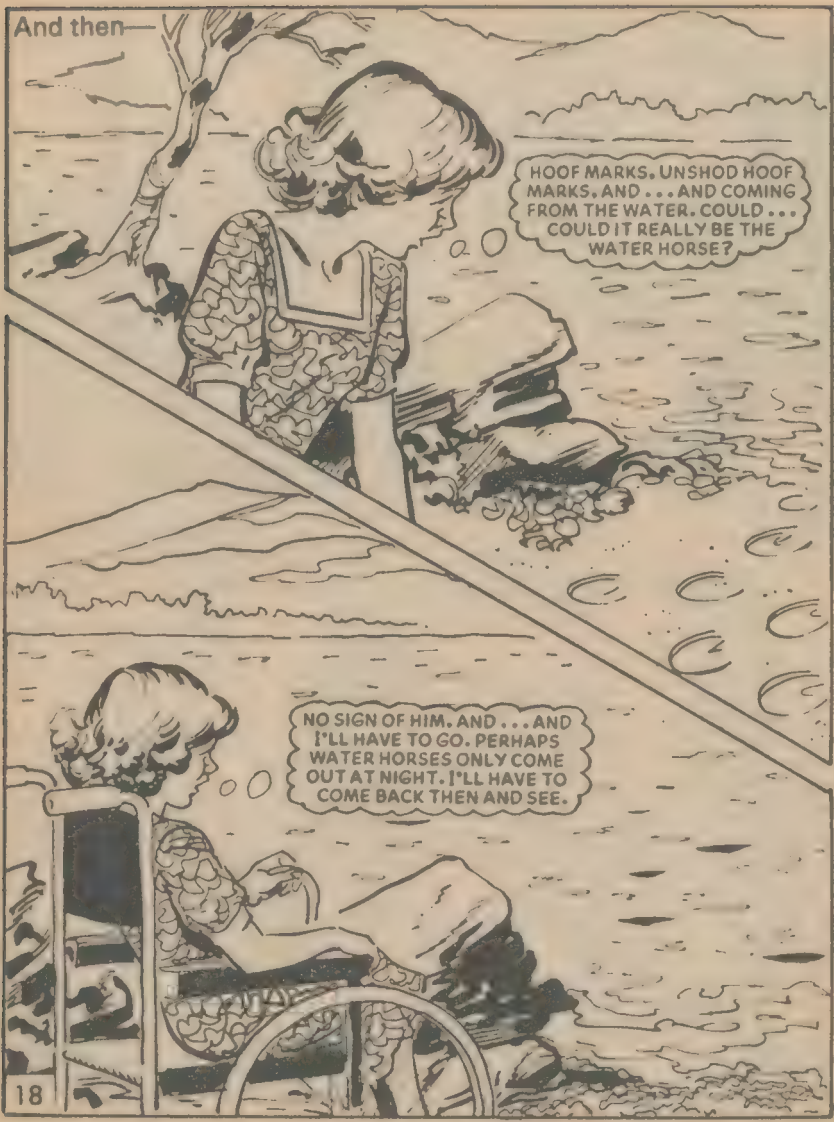

But nothing happened that morning.
TWELVE O'CLOCK. I'LL HAVE TO START BACK, OR MRS FLEMING WILL WORRY. BUT I'M COMING BACK HERE. I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE UP UNTIL I FIND THE WATER HORSE.
It was a hard journey home.
I WON'T . . . GIVE UP. WITH PRACTICE . . . IT'LL GET EASIER.
WHY, LASS, YOU LOOK TIRED OUT. WHERE EVER HAVE YOU BEEN?
JUST FOR . . . AN OUTING. I WENT A BIT TOO FAR, I SUPPOSE.

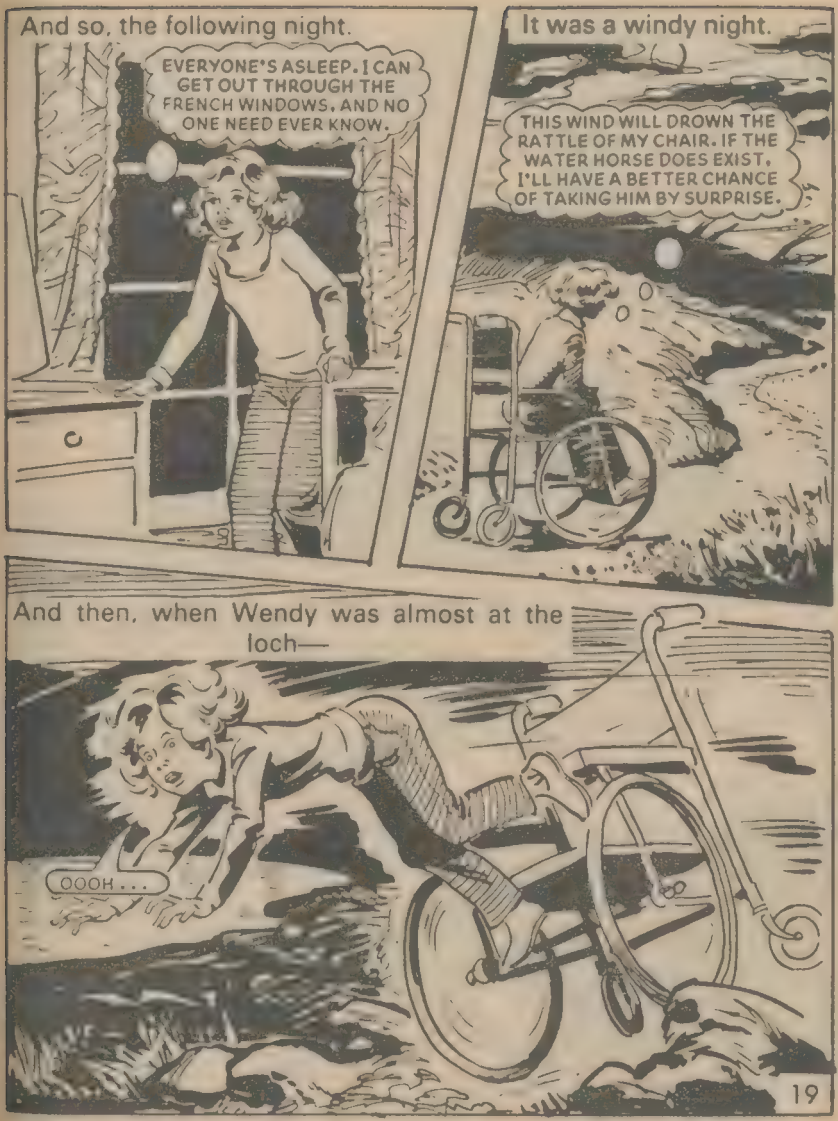

ANYWAY PERHAPS IT'S GIVEN YOU AN APPETITE.
I DO FEEL QUITE HUNGRY.

Wendy ate a good lunch.
WELL. THAT WAS BETTER. IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW YOU ENJOY FOOD LIKE THAT, LASS.
I DID ENJOY THAT MEAL- THANKS!
AND I DO FEEL BETTER FOR IT. I MIGHT TRY MY WALKING EXERCISES LATER. WALKING WOULD BE A MUCH BETTER WAY TO GET TO THE LOCH.


And so, after a rest.
WALKING NOW. MR CARR WILL BE PLEASED, HE'S BEEN WORRIED ABOUT HER. SOMETHING'S BRINGING THE LASSIE BACK TO LIFE AGAIN, IT SEEMS.
THIS FEELS . . . VERY UNSAFE, BUT I SUPPOSE . . . I'LL IMPROVE WITH PRACTICE.

Two days later, Wendy made another trip to the loch.

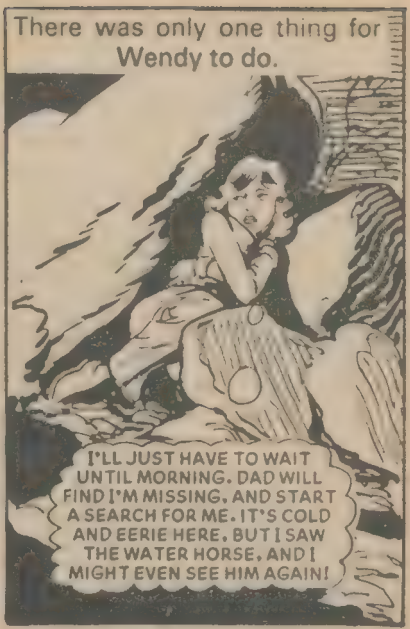

And then—
HOOF MARKS. UNSHOD HOOF MARKS. AND . . . AND COMING FROM THE WATER. COULD . . . COULD IT REALLY BE THE WATER HORSE?
NO SIGN OF HIM. AND . . . AND I'LL HAVE TO GO. PERHAPS WATER HORSES ONLY COME OUT AT NIGHT. I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK THEN AND SEE.

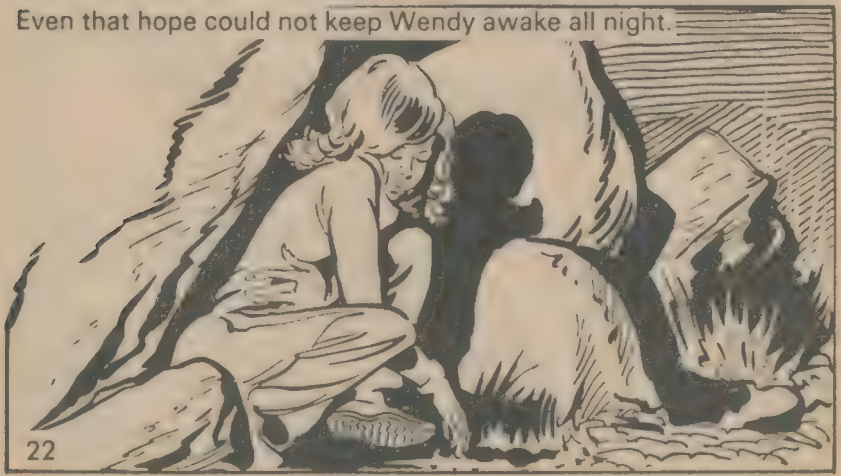

And so, the following night.
EVERYONE'S ASLEEP. I CAN GET OUT THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS, AND NO ONE NEED EVER KNOW.
It was a windy night.
THIS WIND WILL DROWN THE RATTLE OF MY CHAIR. IF THE WATER HORSE DOES EXIST, I'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE OF TAKING HIM BY SURPRISE.
And then, when Wendy was almost at the loch—
OOOH...

MY CHAIR . . . IT TIPPED OVER. HOW . . . HOW WILL I GET HOME NOW. I . . . I CAN'T GET UP? AND . . . AND WHAT'S THAT SPLASHING NOISE?
Next minute—
THE . . . THE WATER HORSE!

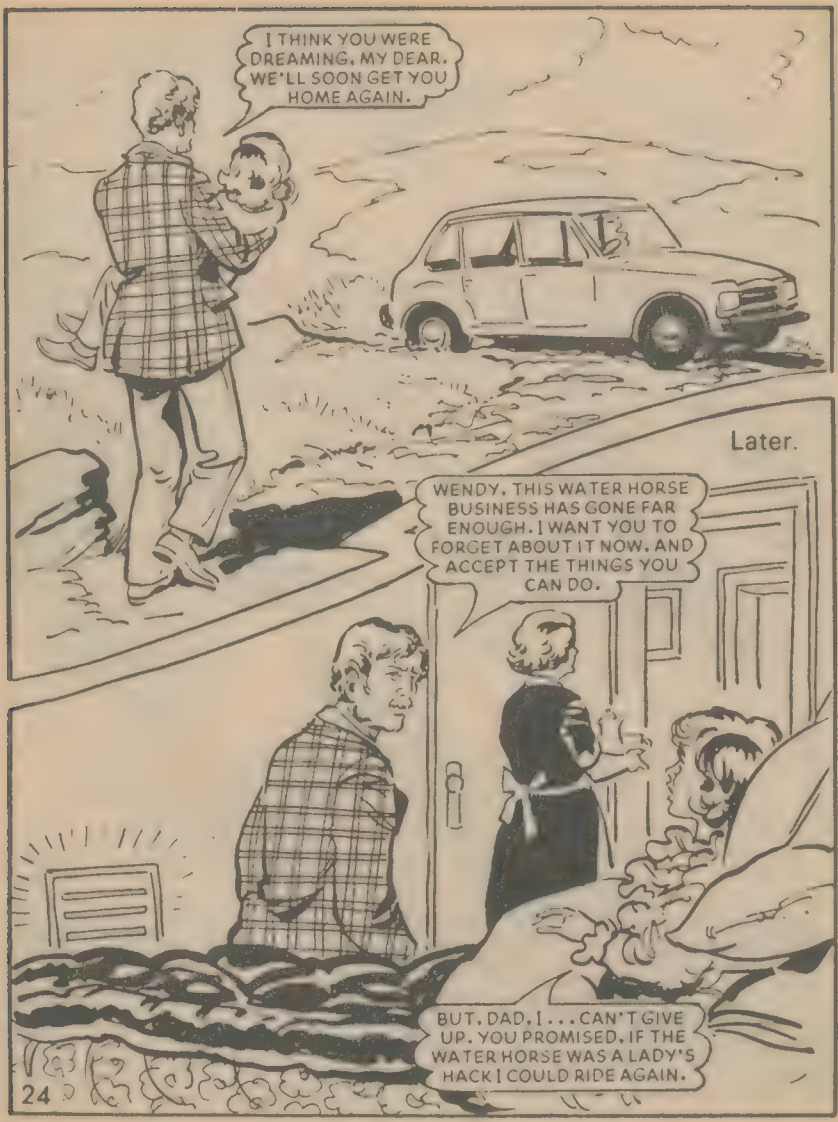
Then the wind swept clouds back across the moon.
HE . . . HE'S GONE. BUT . . . BUT HE WAS THERE. HE DOES EXIST! SOMEHOW I'M GOING TO TAME AND RIDE HIM, AND MAKE DAD KEEP HIS PROMISE TO LET ME HAVE HORSES AGAIN!
But Wendy's first problem was getting home.
MY . . . MY LEG WON'T HOLD ME. GOT TO . . . REACH MY CHAIR.
IF I REACH . . . MY CHAIR . . . I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PULL MYSELF UP.

THE WHEEL . . . IT'S BUCKLED. EVEN IF I GET INTO MY CHAIR, IT WON'T GET ME HOME.

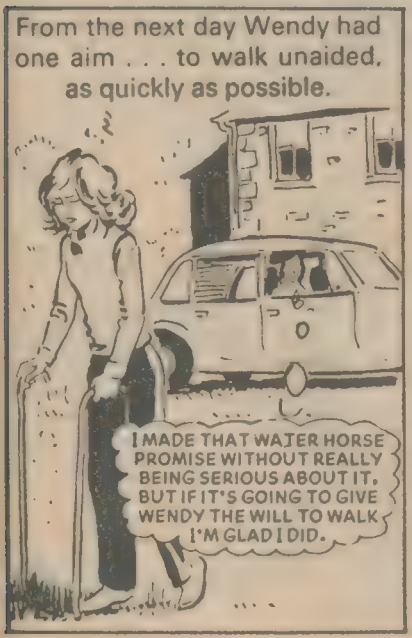

There was only one thing for Wendy to do.
I'LL JUST HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MORNING. DAD WILL FIND I'M MISSING, AND START A SEARCH FOR ME. IT'S COLD AND EERIE HERE, BUT I SAW THE WATER HORSE, AND I MIGHT EVEN SEE HIM AGAIN!


Even that hope could not keep Wendy awake all night.

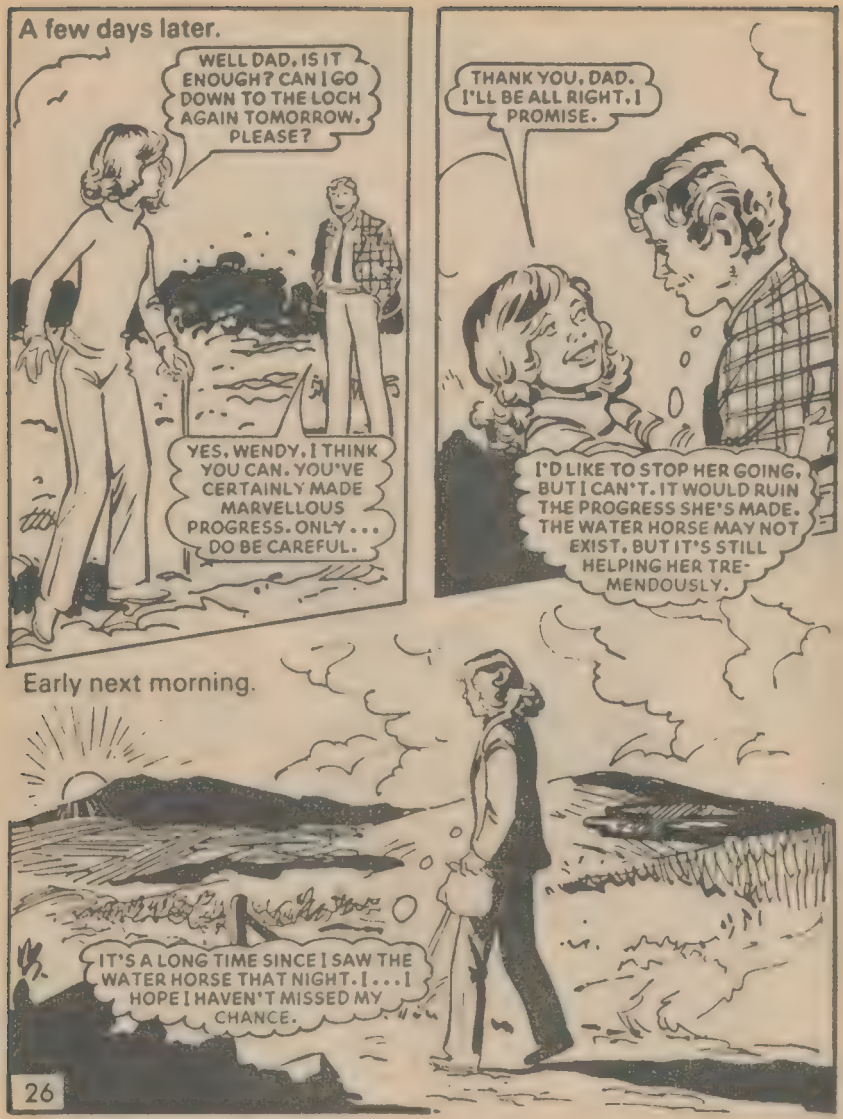
And early next morning.
WENDY. MY DEAR. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THANK GOODNESS I'VE FOUND YOU.
DAD. I . . . I SAW THE WATER HORSE. BUT . . . BUT I'M SO C . . . COLD.


I THINK YOU WERE DREAMING, MY DEAR. WE'LL SOON GET YOU HOME AGAIN.
Later.
WENDY, THIS WATER HORSE BUSINESS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH. I WANT YOU TO FORGET ABOUT IT NOW, AND ACCEPT THE THINGS YOU CAN DO.
BUT, DAD, I . . . CAN'T GIVE UP. YOU PROMISED. IF THE WATER HORSE WAS A LADY'S HACK I COULD RIDE AGAIN.

WENDY, LET'S MAKE ANOTHER BARGAIN. YOU DON'T GO BACK TO THE LOCH UNTIL YOU CAN WALK THERE YOURSELF. WILL YOU AGREE TO THAT?
BUT . . . Y . . . YES, I SUPPOSE I WILL.
WHAT ELSE CAN I SAY? BUT HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE?


From the next day Wendy had one aim . . . to walk unaided, as quickly as possible.
I MADE THAT WATER HORSE PROMISE WITHOUT REALLY BEING SERIOUS ABOUT IT, BUT IF IT'S GOING TO GIVE WENDY THE WILL TO WALK I'M GLAD I DID.
. . . .

And before long—
I'M DOWN TO ONE STICK NOW, TIME TO GO A BIT FURTHER. I'LL GO TO THE VILLAGE AND BUY SOME CARROTS — SOMETHING TO OFFER THE HORSE WHEN I NEXT REACH THE LOCH!

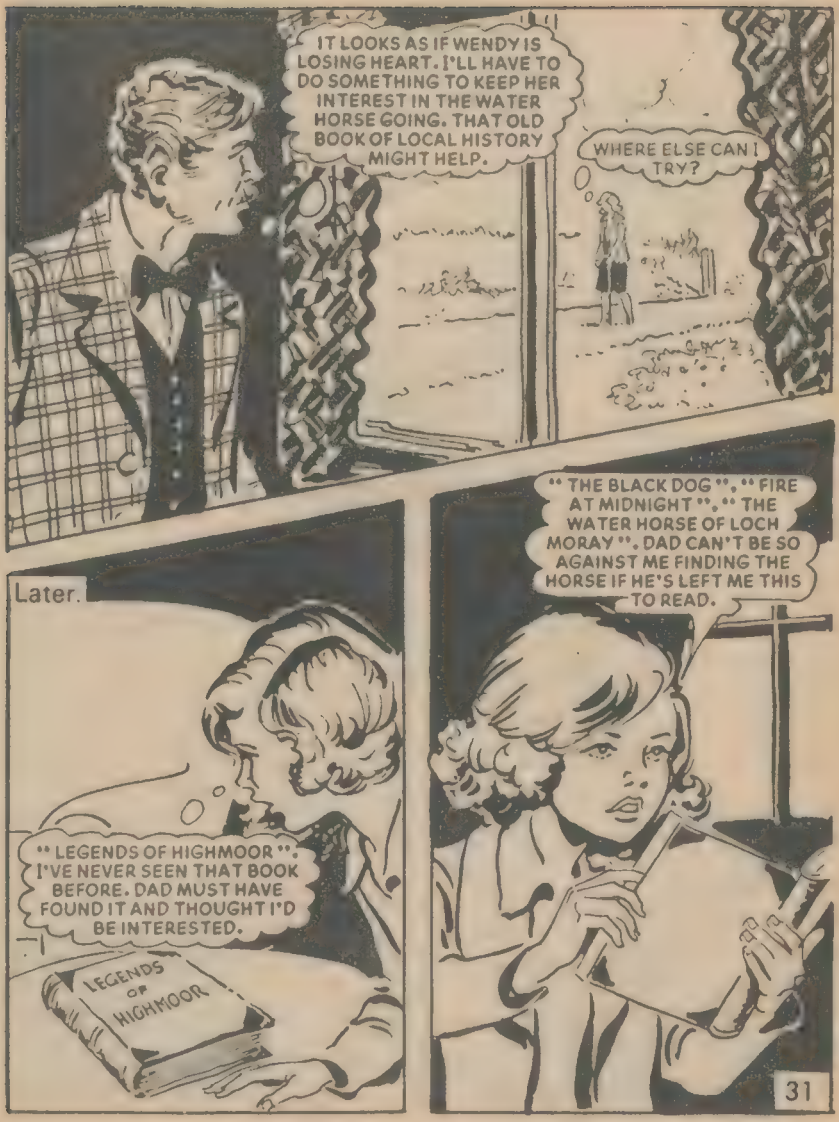

A few days later.
WELL DAD, IS IT ENOUGH? CAN I GO DOWN TO THE LOCH AGAIN TOMORROW. PLEASE?
YES, WENDY. I THINK YOU CAN. YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE MARVELLOUS PROGRESS. ONLY... DO BE CAREFUL.
THANK YOU, DAD. I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, I PROMISE.
I'D LIKE TO STOP HER GOING, BUT I CAN'T. IT WOULD RUIN THE PROGRESS SHE'S MADE. THE WATER HORSE MAY NOT EXIST. BUT IT'S STILL HELPING HER TREMENDOUSLY.
Early next morning.
IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I SAW THE WATER HORSE THAT NIGHT. I... I HOPE I HAVEN'T MISSED MY CHANCE.

Wendy reached the loch at last.
I'VE WALKED ALL THE WAY. NOW, THIS IS ABOUT THE SPOT WHERE I SAW THE HOOF PRINTS.
HERE YOU ARE, BOY. IF YOU'RE ABOUT, PERHAPS YOU CAN SMELL THEM. MY PONIES ALWAYS SMELT CARROTS FROM YARDS AWAY. SHOULD THINK EVEN WATER HORSES LIKE CARROTS.

Wendy sat down to wait, but it had been a long walk, and soon—
IT'S SO QUIET HERE . . . AND WARM. I'M QUITE . . . SLEEPY.
Before long—
Some time later.
WHAT . . . I HEARD SOMETHING . . . OR . . . OR WAS IT ANOTHER DREAM?

When Wendy looked for her carrots.

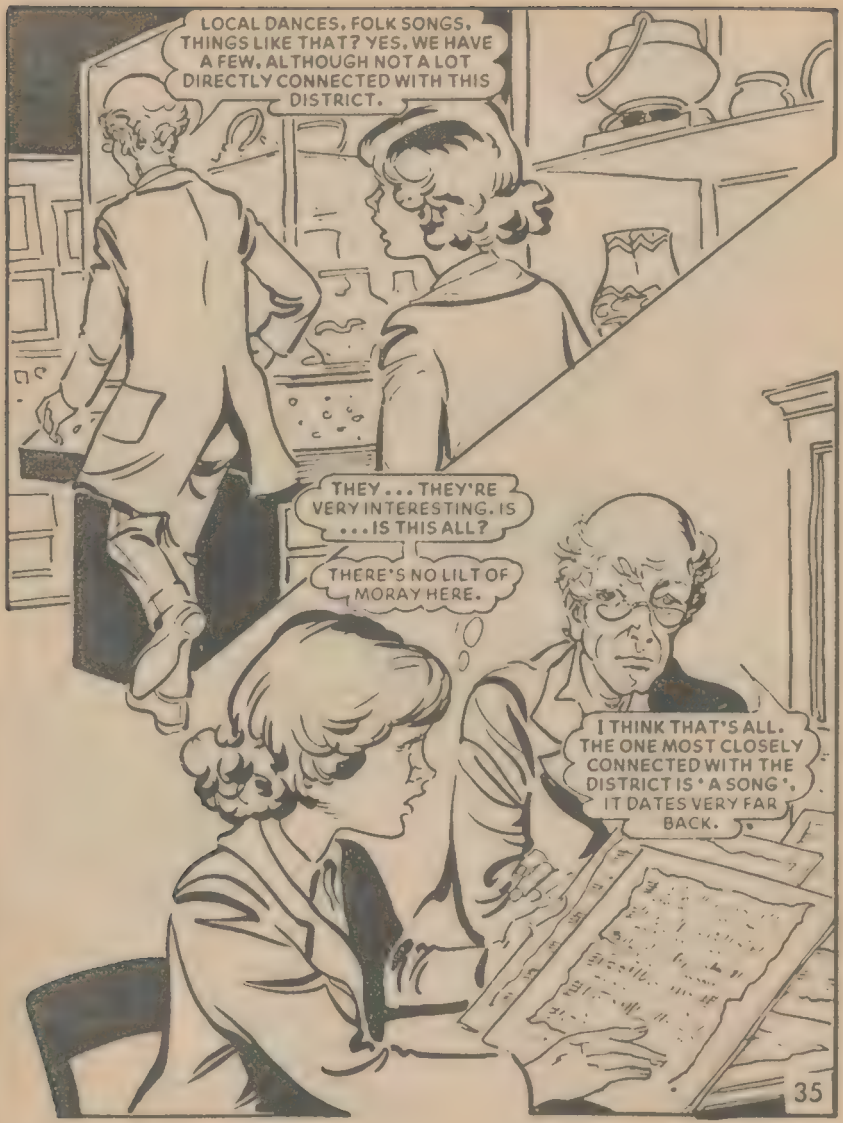
But when Wendy went back again.
I'VE BEEN HERE FOR THREE HOURS. BUT HE HASN'T COME. I . . . I SHALL HAVE TO GO HOME NOW, OR DAD WILL WORRY.
I DIDN'T MAKE ANY PROGRESS TODAY. AT THIS RATE I MAY NEVER SEE THE HORSE, LET ALONE CATCH HIM, AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO RIDE AGAIN.

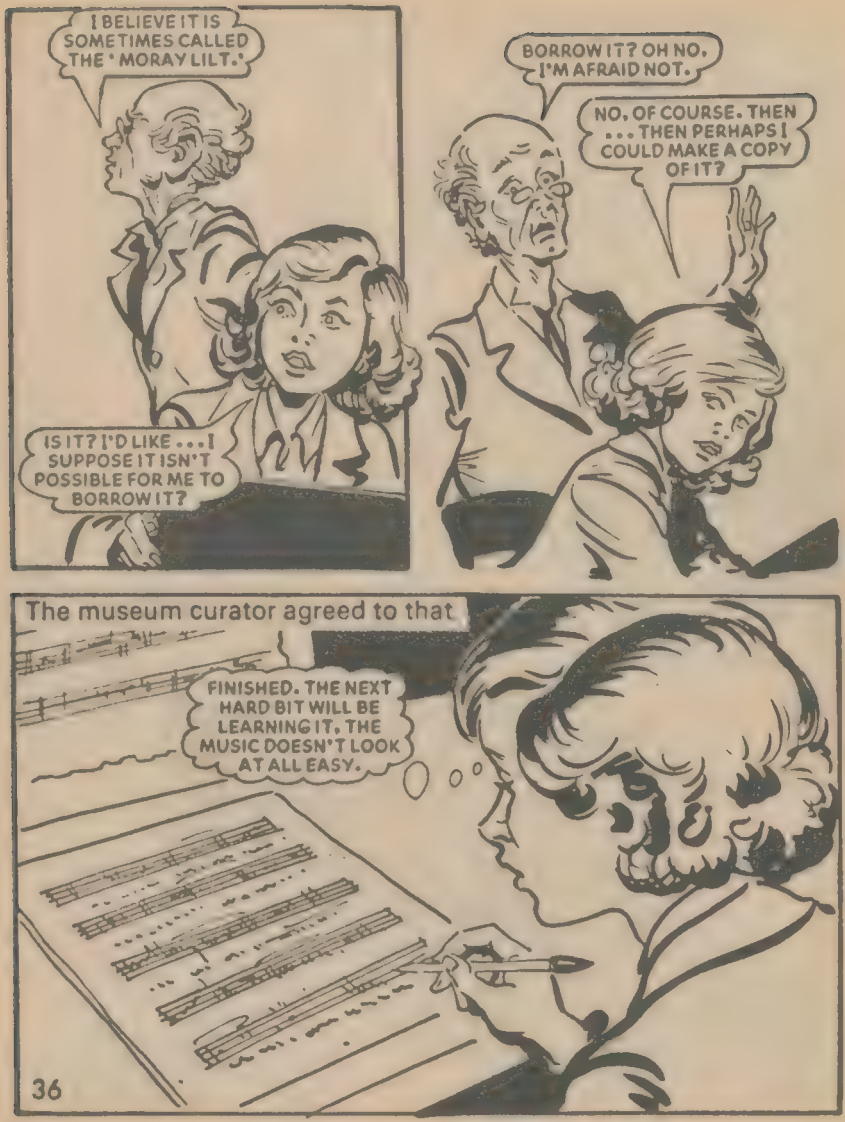

IT LOOKS AS IF WENDY IS LOSING HEART. I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING TO KEEP HER INTEREST IN THE WATER HORSE GOING. THAT OLD BOOK OF LOCAL HISTORY MIGHT HELP.
WHERE ELSE CAN I TRY?
Later.
" LEGENDS OF HIGHMOOR ". I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BOOK BEFORE. DAD MUST HAVE FOUND IT AND THOUGHT I'D BE INTERESTED.
LEGENDS OF HIGHMOOR
" THE BLACK DOG ", " FIRE AT MIDNIGHT ", " THE WATER HORSE OF LOCH MORAY ". DAD CAN'T BE SO AGAINST ME FINDING THE HORSE IF HE'S LEFT ME THIS TO READ.

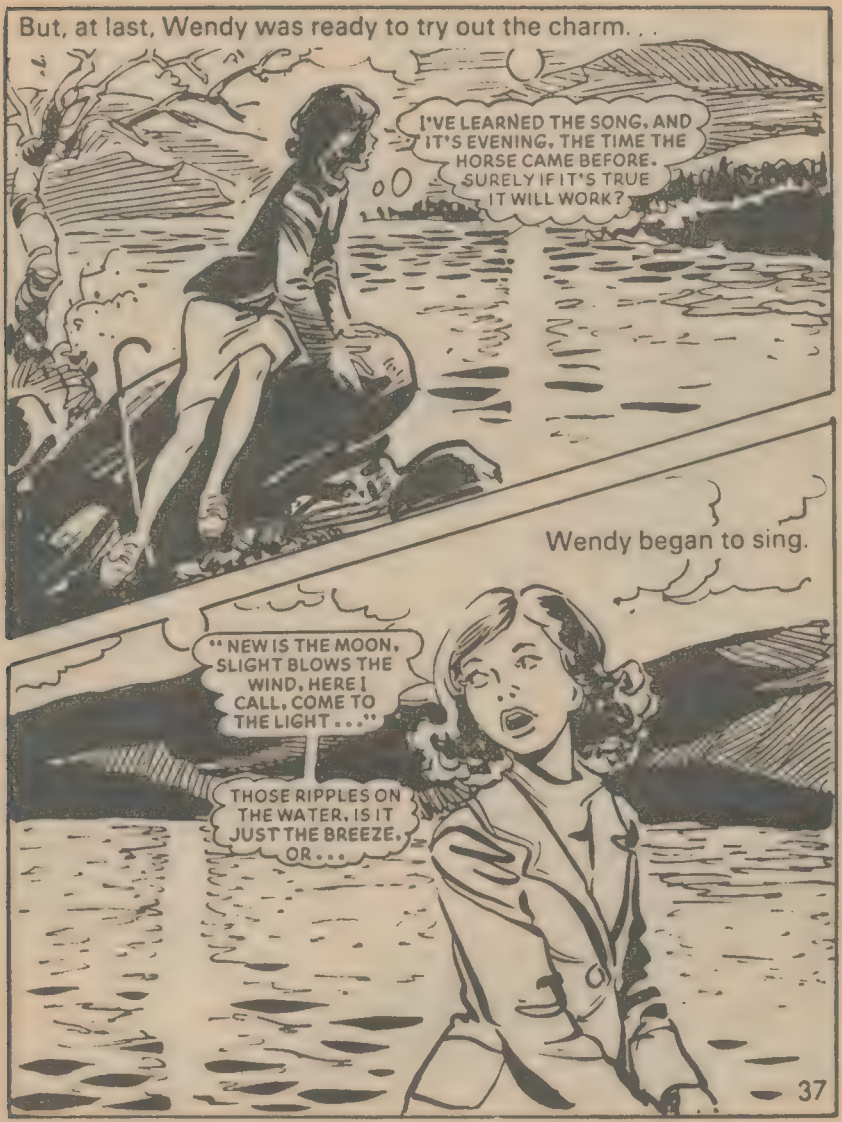
" THE HORSE SHALL COME TO THE ONE WHO SWEETLY CHARMS HIM BY SONG, BUT ONLY THE ONE SONG, THE OLD LILT OF MORAY, SHALL TEMPT HIM FORTH."
I'VE HEARD OF SEALS BEING CHARMED OUT OF THE WATER BY A SONG, BUT A HORSE? AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THE LILT OF MORAY. HOW CAN I FIND A COPY?

The local library was no help.
TRADITIONAL SONGS? I DON'T THINK WE'VE GOT ANYTHING LIKE THAT, MISS.
I SEE. THANK YOU.
THE MUSEUM! I WONDER IF THEY'D BE ABLE TO HELP?
LIBR
VISIT THE
HIGHMOOR MUSEUM
MARKET HALL
OPEN 10 A.M TO 5 P.M

There was a snag to visiting the museum.
TO HIGHMOOR MUSEUM
STAIRS. STEEP ONES. I HAVEN'T EVEN TRIED TO GET UP THE STAIRS AT HOME SINCE MY ACCIDENT.
Wendy had no choice.
HERE . . . GOES. IF IT'S . . . MY ONLY CHANCE . . . TO FIND THE HORSE IT'S WORTH IT.
Wendy managed the climb.
GOOD MORNING, MISS. I HOPE YOU ENJOY OUR LITTLE MUSEUM.
THANK YOU . . . HAVE . . . HAVE YOU ANY OLD MUSIC, LOCAL SONGS, OR ANYTHING? IT . . . IT'S FOR A SORT OF PROJECT.
HE'D THINK I WAS CRAZY IF I TOLD HIM WHY I REALLY WANT IT.


LOCAL DANCES, FOLK SONGS, THINGS LIKE THAT? YES, WE HAVE A FEW, ALTHOUGH NOT A LOT DIRECTLY CONNECTED WITH THIS DISTRICT.
THEY... THEY'RE VERY INTERESTING. IS ...IS THIS ALL?
THERE'S NO LILT OF MORAY HERE.
I THINK THAT'S ALL. THE ONE MOST CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH THE DISTRICT IS 'A SONG'. IT DATES VERY FAR BACK.


I BELIEVE IT IS SOMETIMES CALLED THE 'MORAY LILT.'
IS IT? I'D LIKE . . . I SUPPOSE IT ISN'T POSSIBLE FOR ME TO BORROW IT?
BORROW IT? OH NO, I'M AFRAID NOT.
NO, OF COURSE. THEN . . . THEN PERHAPS I COULD MAKE A COPY OF IT?
The museum curator agreed to that
FINISHED. THE NEXT HARD BIT WILL BE LEARNING IT. THE MUSIC DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL EASY.

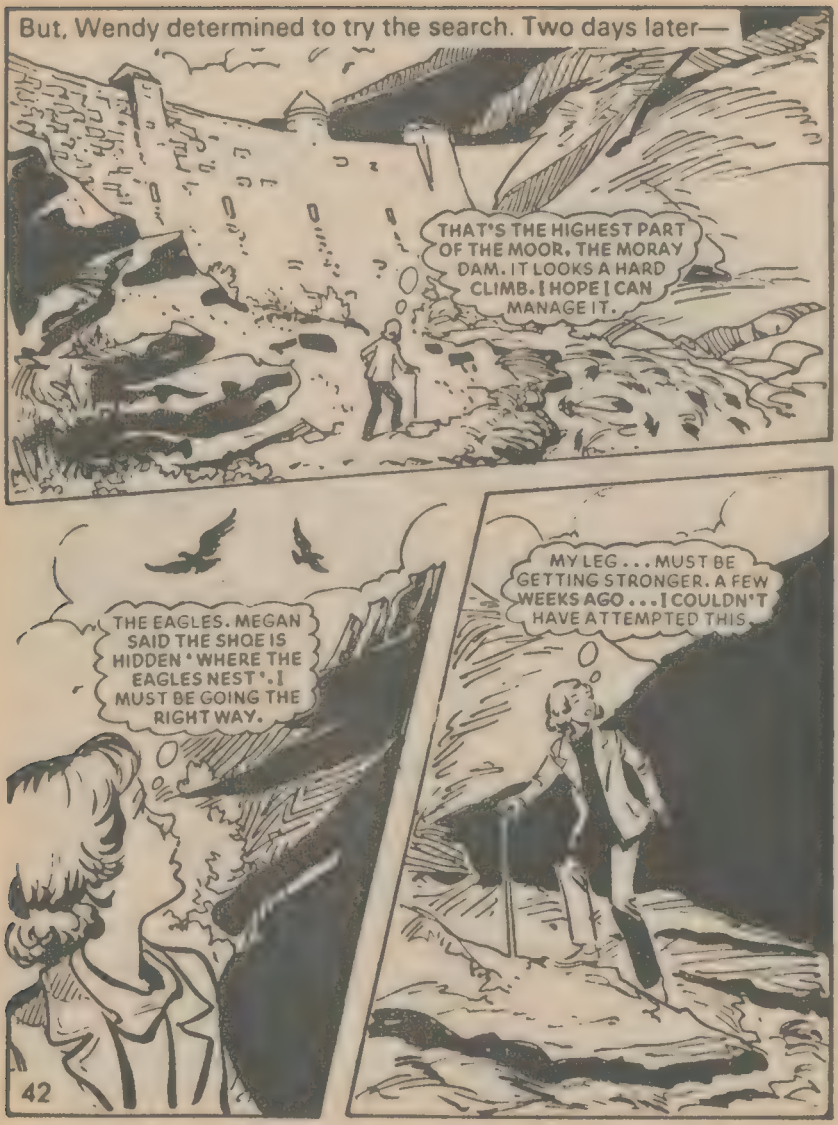

But, at last, Wendy was ready to try out the charm. . .
I'VE LEARNED THE SONG, AND IT'S EVENING. THE TIME THE HORSE CAME BEFORE. SURELY IF IT'S TRUE IT WILL WORK?
Wendy began to sing.
"NEW IS THE MOON, SLIGHT BLOWS THE WIND, HERE I CALL, COME TO THE LIGHT . . ."
THOSE RIPPLES ON THE WATER, IS IT JUST THE BREEZE, OR . . .

And then—
COME TO ME, COME . . . OH . . . OH, WHO . . . WHAT . . ?
SINGING FOR THE HORSE, ARE YOU, DEARIE? THERE'S MORE TO THE CHARM THAN THAT. YOU KNOW. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU.

MORE TO THE CHARM? HOW . . . HOW DO YOU KNOW?
OLD MEGAN HAS LIVED IN THESE PARTS FOR A LONG TIME, DEARIE. MANY'S THE OLD STORIES I'VE HEARD ABOUT THESE HILLS, AND SOME HAS TO DO WITH THE WATER HORSE.
I SEE. OH, PLEASE TELL ME. I NEED SO MUCH TO TAME THE HORSE.
WELL, HORSES NEED SHOES, IF THEY'RE RIDDEN, SO I BELIEVE. YOU'LL NEED TO FIND THIS ONE A SHOE TO START HIM OFF.
A SHOE? DO YOU MEAN JUST ANY ORDINARY HORSE SHOE, THAT I CAN GET FROM THE BLACKSMITH?
OH, NO. IT HAS TO BE THE SPECIAL SHOE, THE ONE THE HORSE LOST, ONE WILD NIGHT, AND THAT NOW LIES WHERE THE EAGLES NEST ON THE HEIGHTS.

AND WHEN YOU'VE THE SHOE, YOU'LL NEED THE HALTER, THOUGH WHERE THAT'S TO BE FOUND I COULDN'T SAY. YOU'LL KNOW IT BY THE STRAND OF LIGHT THAT IS WOVEN INTO IT.
A HALTER WOVEN WITH A STRAND OF LIGHT? IT SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE. IS THAT ALL?
THAT IS ALL I HAVE HEARD. LISTEN, THE WILD MOOR PONIES ARE GALLOPING IN THE HILLS. THEY HAVE SENSED MAGIC STIRRING. KEEP A SURE HEART, CHILD, AND YOU WILL SUCCEED.
YES, I CAN HEAR HOOVES, TOO. IF . . . IF I HADN'T MET YOU I MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS THE HORSE.
BUT AM I ANY BETTER OFF? IT SEEMS SUCH AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK.

GOOD LUCK, CHILD. MAY THE HORSE COME TO YOU.
THANK YOU.
DOES SHE REALLY KNOW, OR ARE THEY ALL STORIES? HOW CAN I KNOW UNLESS I TRY THE SEARCH?
SO THOSE RIPPLES WERE ONLY THE WIND. I STARTED TONIGHT WITH SUCH HOPES. BUT I SEEM AS FAR FROM FINDING THE HORSE AS I EVER WAS.

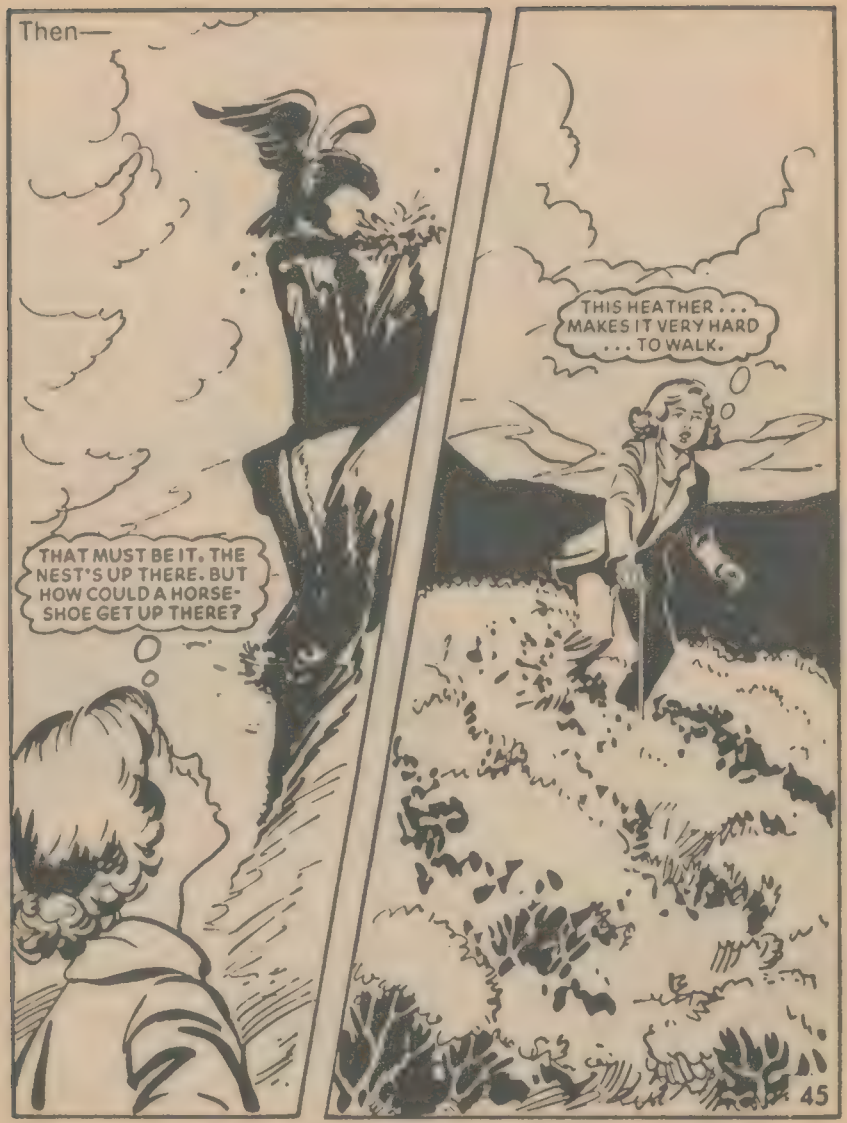

But, Wendy determined to try the search. Two days later—
THAT'S THE HIGHEST PART OF THE MOOR. THE MORAY DAM. IT LOOKS A HARD CLIMB. I HOPE I CAN MANAGE IT.
MY LEG . . . MUST BE GETTING STRONGER. A FEW WEEKS AGO . . . I COULDN'T HAVE ATTEMPTED THIS.
THE EAGLES. MEGAN SAID THE SHOE IS HIDDEN 'WHERE THE EAGLES NEST'. I MUST BE GOING THE RIGHT WAY.
42

Wendy was not alone on the moor.
MOOR PONIES. REAL, FLESH AND BLOOD PONIES. THAT GREY IS LOVELY. I WONDER IF I CAN GET CLOSER TO THEM?
But, as soon as Wendy moved their way.
THEY'RE TOO WILD. ALTHOUGH THE GREY SEEMS A BIT LESS SCARED OF ME. I WISH I COULD HAVE TOUCHED HIM. IT SEEMS SO LONG SINCE I HANDLED A PONY. I MUST FIND THE WATER HORSE. I ...I MUST.

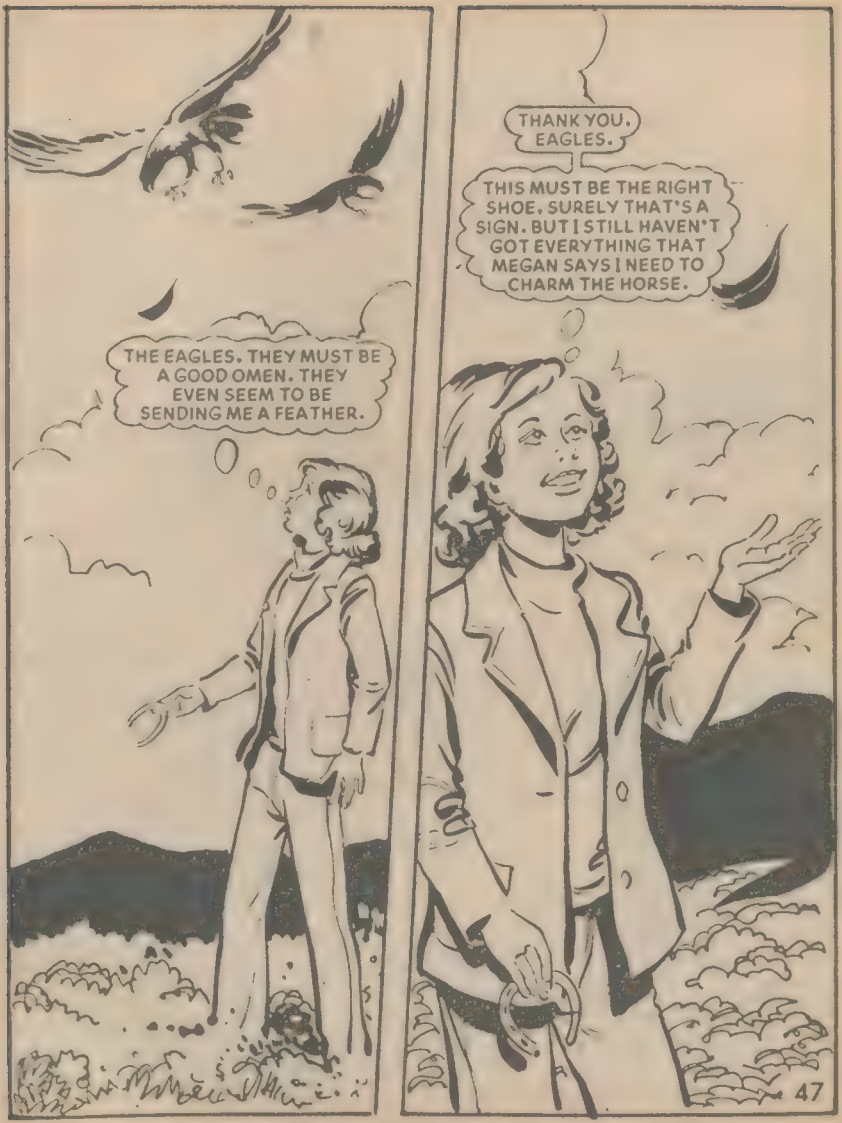
It was a long way to the top, but at last.
I...MADE IT...BUT MY LEG ACHES, AND...AND I CAN'T GO...ANOTHER STEP.

Gradually, Wendy recovered.
I FEEL A BIT BETTER NOW. I THINK I CAN GO ON. BUT WHERE SHALL I START MY SEARCH?

'WHERE THE EAGLES NEST'. THEY'RE CERTAINLY NESTING SOMEWHERE UP HERE, BUT WHERE?

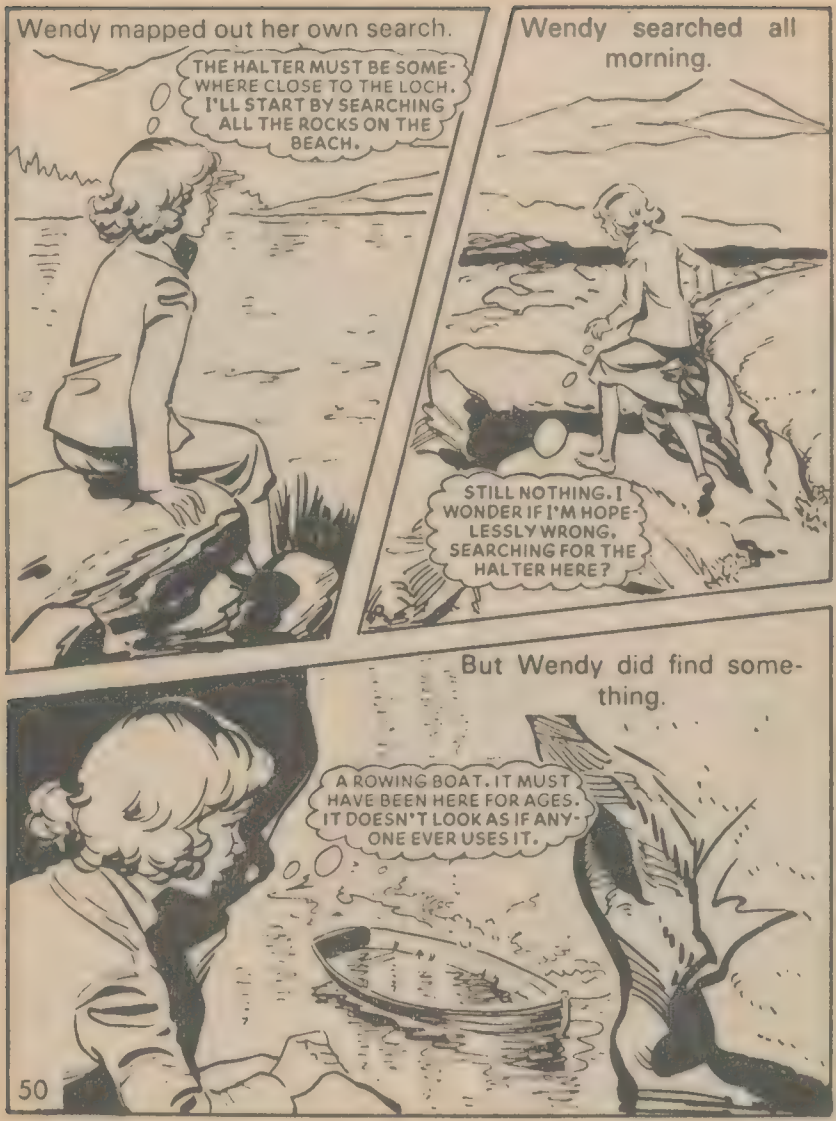

Then—
THAT MUST BE IT. THE NEST'S UP THERE. BUT HOW COULD A HORSE-SHOE GET UP THERE?
THIS HEATHER . . . MAKES IT VERY HARD . . . TO WALK.

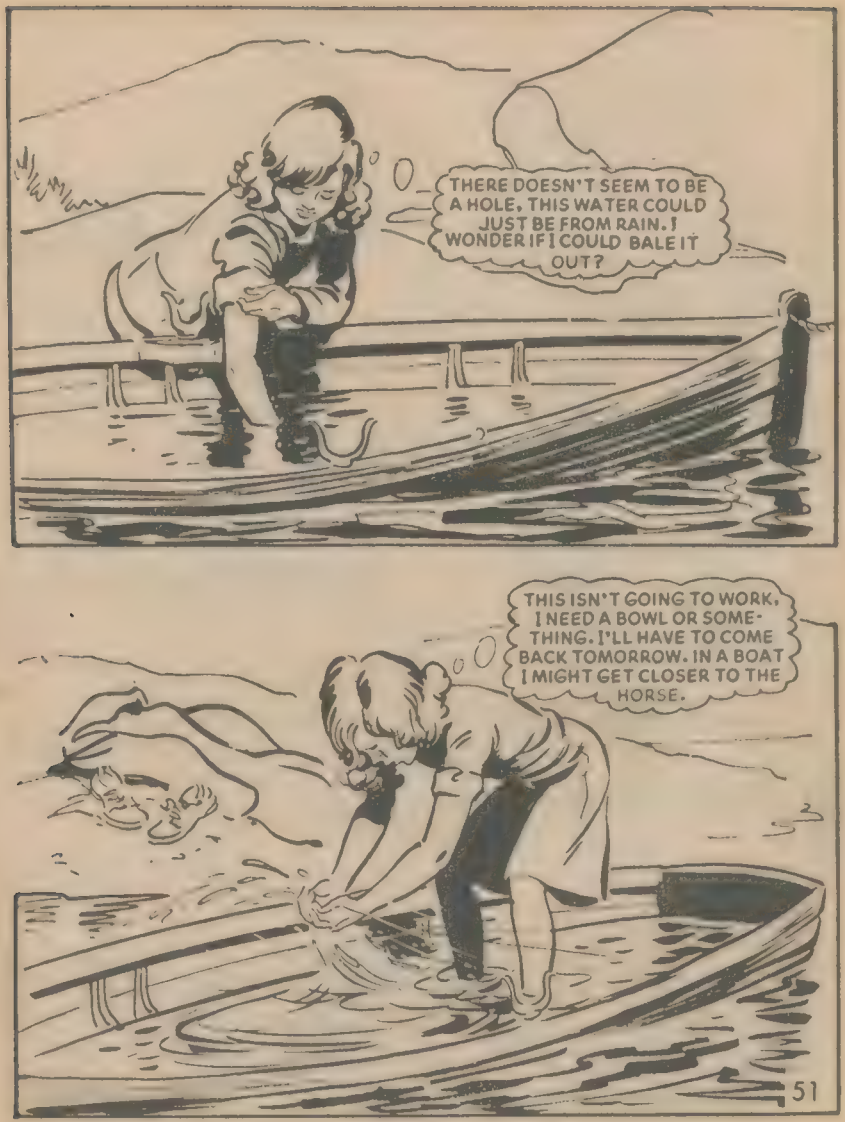
Next minute.
OOOH . . .
I LANDED ON SOMETHING HARD AND HURT MY HAND. I WONDER WHAT . . ?
A SHOE, AN OLD, RUSTY HORSE-SHOE. SURELY IT CAN'T BE A MAGIC ONE? AND YET, I DID FIND IT WHERE MEGAN SAID. NEAR WHERE THE EAGLES NEST. IS HER STORY REALLY TRUE, OR IS IT JUST COINCIDENCE?
46


THE EAGLES. THEY MUST BE A GOOD OMEN. THEY EVEN SEEM TO BE SENDING ME A FEATHER.
THANK YOU. EAGLES.
THIS MUST BE THE RIGHT SHOE. SURELY THAT'S A SIGN. BUT I STILL HAVEN'T GOT EVERYTHING THAT MEGAN SAYS I NEED TO CHARM THE HORSE.

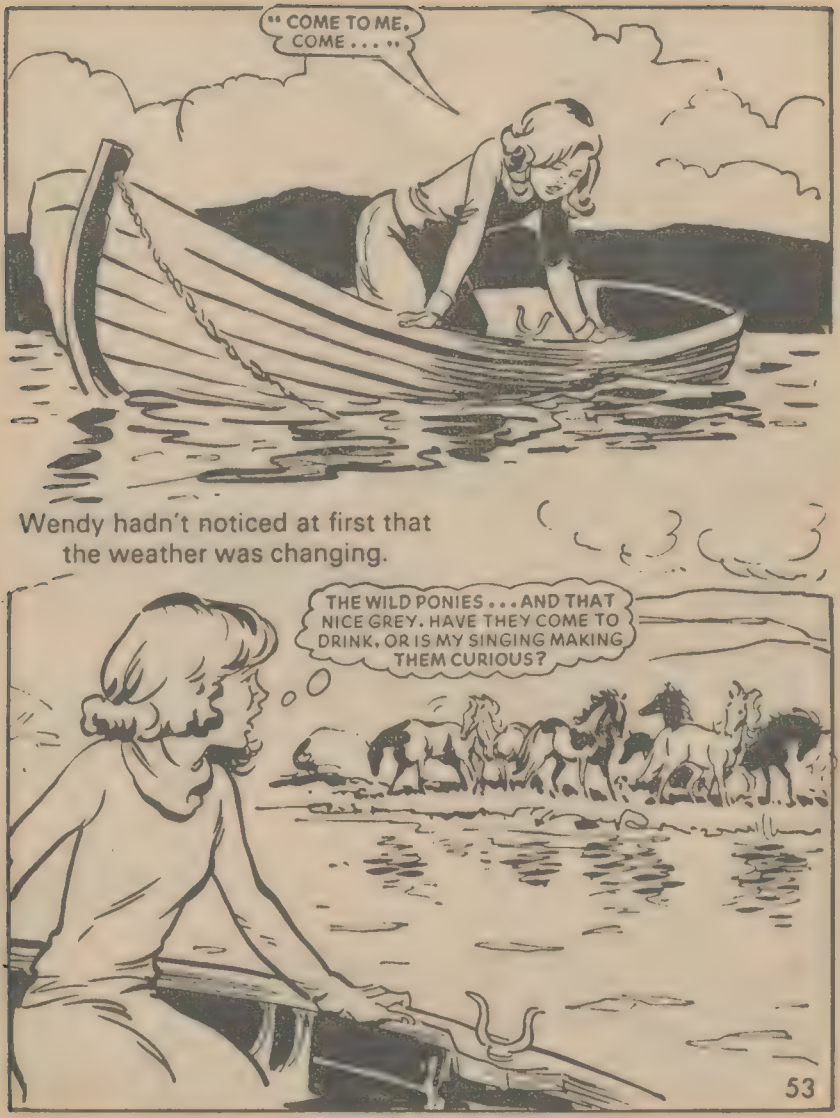
Wendy set off for home.
I'M REALLY TIRED, BUT MY LEG HASN'T LET ME DOWN. IT MUST BE GETTING STRONGER.
It took Wendy a long time to get home.
WENDY, THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. I WAS GETTING REALLY WORRIED.
I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT, DAD, JUST TIRED.
I'D BETTER NOT TELL DAD ABOUT THE SHOE. HE MIGHT THINK IT WAS TOO WILD AN IDEA. LUCKY IT FITTED INTO MY POCKET.

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE BEEN DOWN AT THE LOCH. I KNOW YOU'RE MUCH BETTER NOW, WENDY. BUT DON'T OVER-DO THINGS, WILL YOU?
I WON'T, DAD. I DO FEEL MUCH STRONGER, THOUGH.
I MUSTN'T LET HIM THINK I'M TOO TIRED. OR HE MIGHT STOP ME FROM SEARCHING FOR THE HORSE.
Later, that day.
I'VE FOUND THE SHOE, AND I'VE GOT THE SONG, BUT EVEN MEGAN COULDN'T TELL ME WHERE TO START LOOKING FOR THE HALTER.

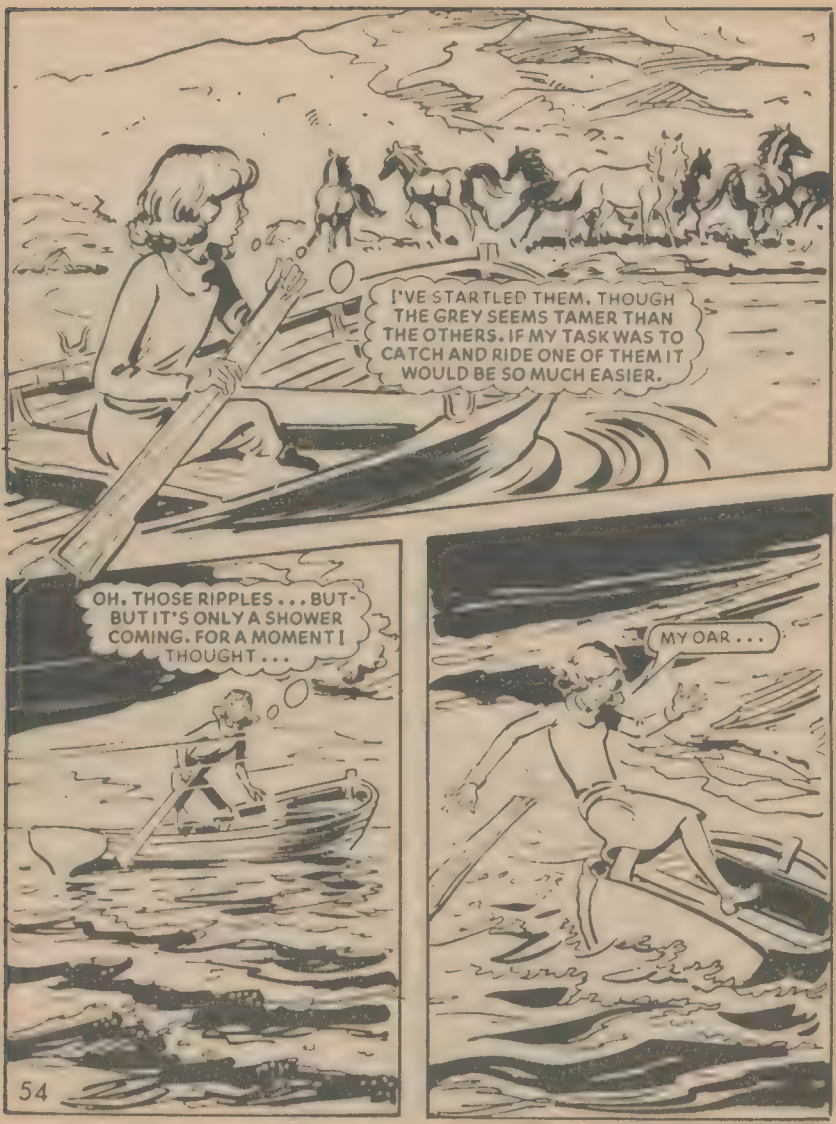

Wendy mapped out her own search.
THE HALTER MUST BE SOMEWHERE CLOSE TO THE LOCH. I'LL START BY SEARCHING ALL THE ROCKS ON THE BEACH.
Wendy searched all morning.
STILL NOTHING. I WONDER IF I'M HOPELESSLY WRONG, SEARCHING FOR THE HALTER HERE?
But Wendy did find something.
A ROWING BOAT. IT MUST HAVE BEEN HERE FOR AGES. IT DOESN'T LOOK AS IF ANYONE EVER USES IT.

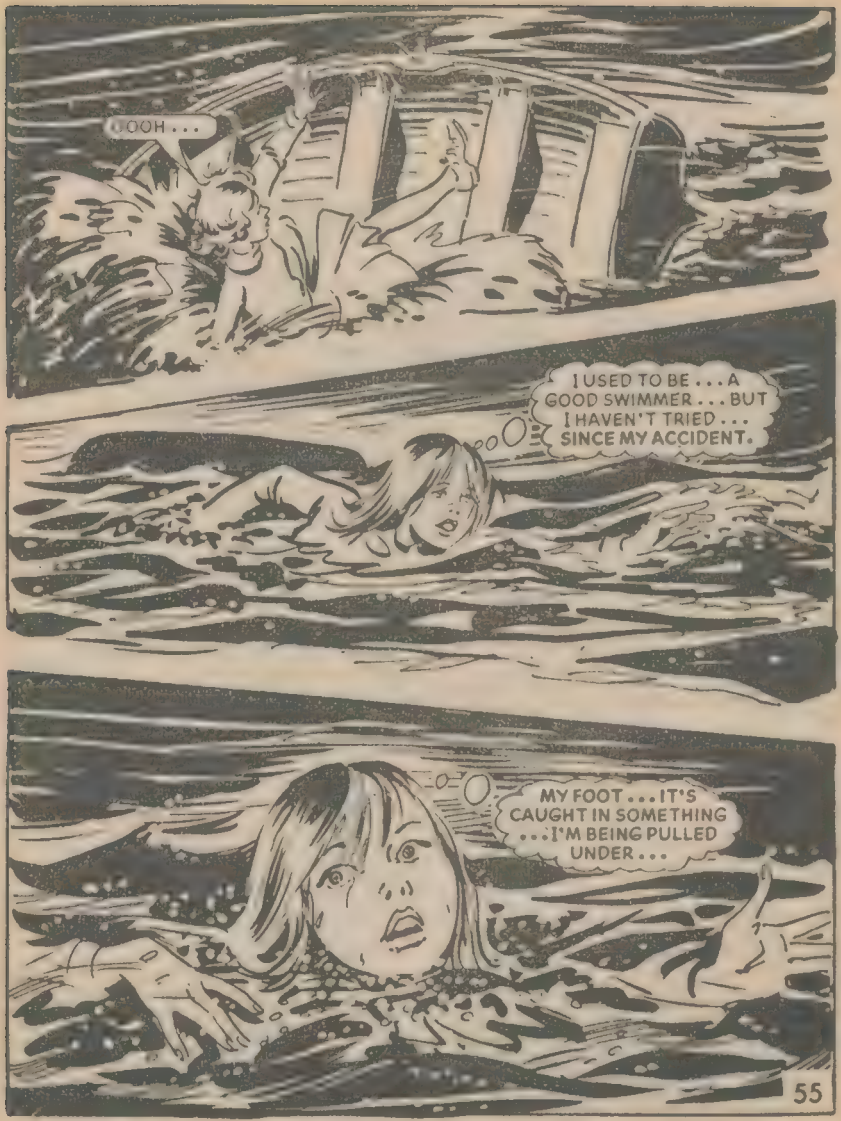

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A HOLE. THIS WATER COULD JUST BE FROM RAIN. I WONDER IF I COULD BALE IT OUT?
THIS ISN'T GOING TO WORK. I NEED A BOWL OR SOMETHING. I'LL HAVE TO COME BACK TOMORROW. IN A BOAT I MIGHT GET CLOSER TO THE HORSE.

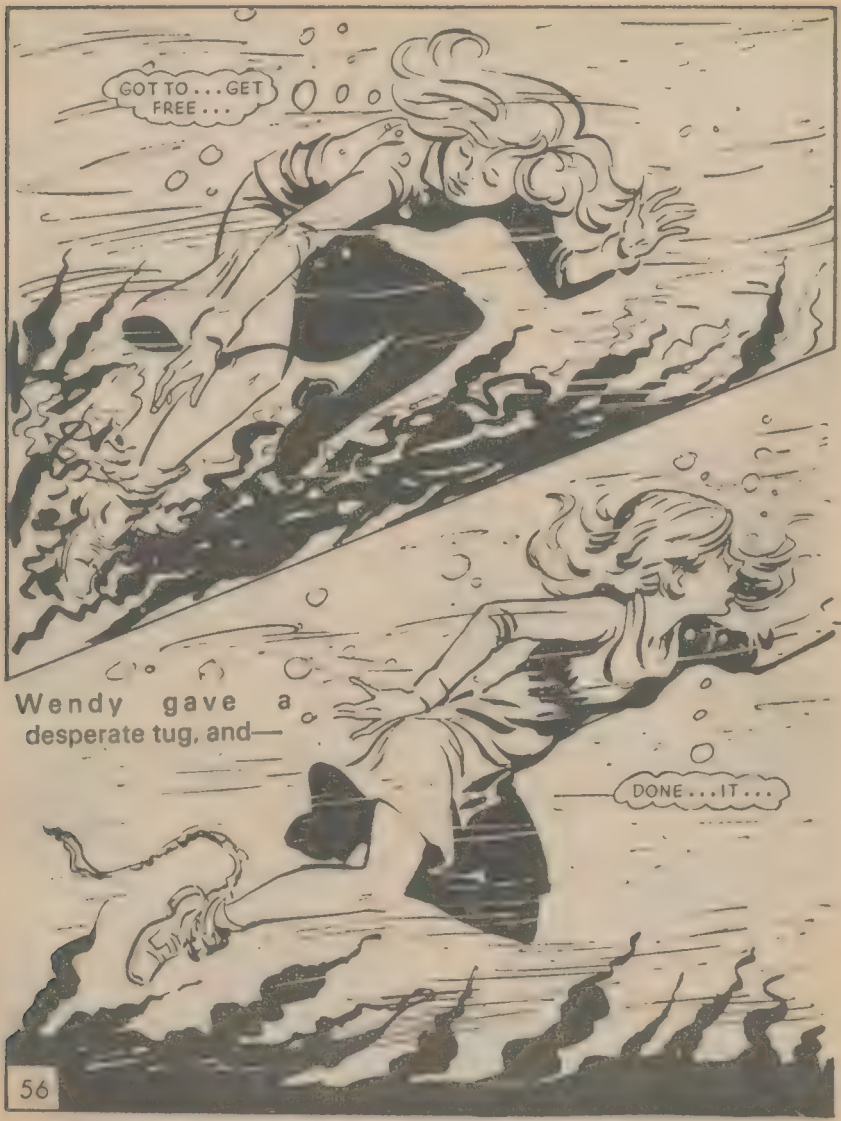
And so, next day.
THIS IS FINE. THERE CAN'T BE A HOLE IN IT. NO MORE WATER'S COMING IN. ALL I NEED NOW IS AN OAR.
THIS BROKEN BIT OF FENCE MIGHT DO.
I'M MOVING! I'D BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR OUT ON TO THE LOCH. IN CASE ANYTHING GOES WRONG. BUT PERHAPS I'LL FIND A CLUE OF SOME SORT.



Wendy hadn't noticed at first that the weather was changing.


I'VE STARTLED THEM, THOUGH THE GREY SEEMS TAMER THAN THE OTHERS. IF MY TASK WAS TO CATCH AND RIDE ONE OF THEM IT WOULD BE SO MUCH EASIER.
OH, THOSE RIPPLES . . . BUT-BUT IT'S ONLY A SHOWER COMING. FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT . . .
MY OAR . . .


OOOH...
I USED TO BE...A GOOD SWIMMER...BUT I HAVEN'T TRIED... SINCE MY ACCIDENT.
MY FOOT...IT'S CAUGHT IN SOMETHING ...I'M BEING PULLED UNDER...


GOT TO . . . GET FREE . . .
Wendy gave a desperate tug, and—
DONE . . . IT . . .

A few minutes later.
I NEARLY . . . DROWNED. GOT TO . . . GET MY BREATH BACK . . .
IT'S SOME OLD ROPE . . . MOORING ROPE, I SUPPOSE . . . AND YET . . .
And then Wendy realised.
IT IS . . . IT'S A HALTER . . . AND . . . AND THE GLOW FROM IT . . . COULD IT BE MEGAN'S 'STRAND OF LIGHT'? SURELY IT MUST BE. I'VE FOUND IT. I'VE GOT THE WHOLE CHARM NOW.

Wendy's father appeared.
WENDY, THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. TOM, THE SHEPHERD, SAW YOU IN A BOAT THAT CAPSIZED. HE CAME TO FETCH ME.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAD, I CAN STILL SWIM. AND, DAD . . .
But Mr Carr was not listening.
THIS IS ENOUGH, WENDY. THIS PLACE IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR YOU NOW. AND THIS NONSENSE ABOUT THE WATER HORSE HAS GOT TO STOP.
STOP? BUT, DAD . . .
NOT NOW. I CAN'T STOP NOW.
YES, WENDY. WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE HERE MUCH LONGER. I'M SELLING OUR HOUSE HERE. AND BUYING A TOWN FLAT. THERE'LL BE MORE FOR YOU TO DO IN A TOWN.
NO. OH DAD. NO. I . . . I DON'T WANT TO LEAVE HIGH-MOOR.

YOU THINK THAT NOW, WENDY, BUT I'M SURE IT'S FOR THE BEST. COME ON NOW. WE MUST GET HOME AND GET YOU DRY.
Y... YES, DAD.
I CAN'T FAIL NOW, I... I WON'T. I MUST FIND THE HORSE. WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME.
And so, late that night.
IT'S A WILD NIGHT, BUT IT MIGHT BE MY LAST CHANCE. I MUST TAKE IT.

A WILD NIGHT, LIKE THE NIGHT I SAW THE HORSE. PERHAPS HE WILL BE THERE TONIGHT.
"COME TO ME, COME, OUT OF THE WILD . . ."
THE WATER SOUNDS WILD, ALMOST AS THOUGH THE STREAM INTO THE LOCH IS RISING, BUT THE DAM SHOULD PREVENT THAT HAPPENING.

THE . . . THE HORSE. HE . . . HE'S COME, BUT HE LOOKS LIKE . . .

Next minute.
THE DAM, IT'S BURSTING. I ... I MUST WARN THE VILLAGE. THERE'LL BE A FLOOD ...
I KNOW NOW, HE ISN'T THE WATER HORSE, JUST A HALF-TAME MOOR PONY. BUT HE'LL TAKE ME DOWN TO THE VILLAGE, JUST AS WELL AS A MAGIC HORSE COULD.

COME ON, BOY, WE'VE GOT TO DO IT, OR PEOPLE MAY DROWN . . .
Wendy was in time.
YOU SAVED SOME LIVES TONIGHT, WENDY. PERHAPS I WAS TOO HASTY. THIS IS OUR HOME, AFTER ALL.
AND THE HORSE, DAD, THIS PONY MAY NOT REALLY BE A WATER HORSE. BUT HE CAME FROM THE LOCH. PLEASE, ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT I FOUND AND RODE HIM?

Mr Carr agreed. A month later—
THANK YOU, MY WATER HORSE. YOU SAVED THE VILLAGE, AND YOU GOT ME BACK MY RIDING. I WON'T NEED ANY CHARM AGAIN EXCEPT CARROTS AND OATS, AND THAT'S ALL I WANT FOR THE HORSES I LOVE.

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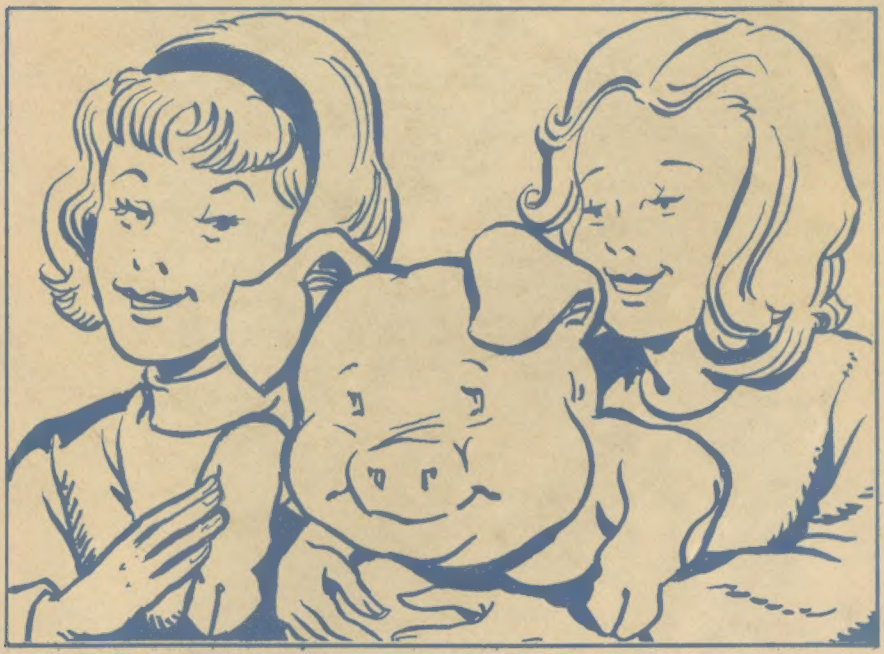
BACK AGAIN!

Another bunch of super stories about the animals of Pet Place, the holiday camp run by Ann Shaw and her sister, Susie. Look out for:—



US AND THE V.I.P.

(Very Important ~~Person~~ Pig)

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